THE

# LIFE AND ADVENTURES

OF

# JOB NOTT,

BUCKLE MAKER, OF BIRMINGHAM;

*First Couſin to the celebrated Button Burniſher;*

AND AUTHOR OF "ADVICE TO SUNDRY SORTS OF FOLKS."

## AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

With here and there a *Cap* for thoſe that they'll fit;
Here and there *a Dreſſing* for thoſe that have *ſore* places;
And here and there *a Flogging* for thoſe that deſerve it.

*Seeſt thou a man diligent in his buſineſs? This man ſhall ſtand before Kings.*

*He that* ſoweth iniquity *ſhall* reap vanity, *and the rod of his anger ſhall fail.*

King Solomon——Proverbs 22d chap.

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# PREFACE.

AS my advice to ſundry ſorts of people has been ſo well receved, having gone through four editions in this town, beſides many thouſands printed in other places ;—I thought an account of my life and adventures (the object of which is, if poſſible, to do ſome good) might not be unacceptable. I know I muſt expect a few ſhots from *Corporeal Robertſpear* and his *foraging* parties, but whilſt I am backed by that well known ſoldier *General Approbation*, I ſhall keep theſe gentry at a diſtance, and ſo render their boſom friends the Daggers uſeleſs. This Narrative was ready for the preſs laſt week, but ſeeing there was ſomething to come out at the Poiſon Shop, I ſtop'd it thinking that whatever it was it might want anſwering. It came out this morning, and *a pretty thing it is*; I am really afraid I cannot condeſcend to take any notice of it, leaſt I ſhould give it a conſequence and preſerve it from thoſe mean purpoſes for which it is only fit: however if I ſhould change my mind, I ſhall knock up a bit of a Poſtſcript and ſend after it, but I muſt have a

# DEDICATION

TO my Book, and to whom can I ſo properly dedicate it to as the *Merchants Factors, Manufacturers* and other worthy Inhabitants of this noble town of Birmingham, you on every occaſion ſhew how deſirous you are to ſpread plenty and happineſs o'er this highly favoured Town. Even in the courſe of the laſt week you have ſubſcribed near 1400l. for the purpoſe of ſupplying the poor people who are out of employ with Six-penny Loaves for Three-pence a piece. For myſelf, I am proud of belonging to ſuch a place; a place where every man may get forwards by his induſtry, as you and I have done:—And happy it is that the ſame road lies open *at preſent* for every one, and will remain ſo if the world is not turned up ſide down by the Jacobins, who are induſtrious in nothing but in ſowing ſedition, in hopes of ſetting the nation in a blaze: filching from the affrighted inhabitants and running away by the light.

Gentlemen, one of my objects is, if poſſible, to ſeparate our good old firends (whom I term the old faſhioned Diſſenters) from this dangerous crew, that ſo we may again live in love and peace with them, as heretofore. I muſt now beg you to protect my book from the ſneers of theſe hot-headed bigoted fooliſh fellows, and if you ſhould approve it, I entreat you to give it to the riſing generation, pariicularly remembering them who behave well at the Sunday Schools. I wiſh theſe eſtabliſhments ſucceſs with all my heart; and may the good ſeed ſown in childhood bloſſom in the man And may the children live to expreſs their gratitude to thoſe who are ſparing of neither money or trouble to make them happy.

And ſo wiſhing Unanimity and good Trade to this flouriſhing Town,

I remain as before,

Your's to Command,

JOB NOTT,

P. S. Perhaps like other *great* authors, as Swift, Pope, &c. I may here and there have uſed an expreſſion that ſome delicate parents would not chooſe ſhould meet their childrens eyes, if ſo, take your pen and blot out what you don't approve.

# The LIFE, &c. of Job Nott.

MY poor father departed this life when I was only four years old, and it was very well that my mother had no more than one, for if ſhe had ſhe could not have gone out to work, and maintained herſelf and me as ſhe did. When I was five years old my mother took me to the ſhop and agreed with maſter for 9d. a week at biting off. But I was ſoon promoted to ſticking in ſhanks, and got a 1s. and then 1s 6d. a week. I was now 7 year old, and thought myſelf a workman, and begun to run my rig as well as the beſt on 'em. I remember once a fine French Gentleman (who I ſuppoſe by this time is boiled down for Jaccobin ſoup) coming to ſee maſter's manufactury, and took notice of me. How much ſaid he does this little man get a week. Twelve and ſixpence ſays I. Twelve and ſixpence ſays he, lifting up his hands. Its no wonder Birmingham flouriſhes, if your *children* get ſuch ſuch wages. Its double what *Men* can get in our country, in France.

But maſter explained that twelve and ſix made eighteen and all was *pence*---ſo the Gentleman laughed heartily, ſaid I was a wag and gave me 6d. which I carried home to my mother. This was the firſt money that ever was give me, and poor as my mother was ſhe ſaid it ſhould be ſaved, and ſo a money box was bought and in it went. After this time I got on apace, and my wages was raiſed to half a crown, three and ſixpence, and ſo on to five ſhillings a week.

I was now about 14 year old, and tho I ſay it that ſhould not ſay it-- I was a tidy lad, and always took my wages home full weight as the ſaying is. And I loſt nothing by that, for mother always remembered the money box and gave me a trifle back, and ſaid I was a good lad and deſerved encouragement; and ſo I ſoon found that honeſty and induſtry was the way to get on. About this time it was that the Queen and Mr. Raikes begun the Sunday Schools at Gloſter and Winſor and other places. And Birmingham who is never behind hand when a good thing is to be done, eſtabliſhed a good many of 'em, and

I had the good luck to be put into one of the firſt that was opened. I could then juſt ſay my letters, and that was all; for my mother was all that I had to teach me and ſhe poor woman didn't no much more; but ſhe taught me all as ſhe know'd and we can't do that we can't do. I wiſh all parents would teach their poor children all the good they know and none of the bad, for its no uſe going to Sunday Schools unleſs the parents at home will lend a helping hand. And if its ever ſo little its better than none. For as the Bible ſays where little is given much is not required But I would have the reader to know without wanting to be my own trumpeter, that Job Nott is not one of them who preach and dont practice; for as ſoon as I could read better than mother I paid her in her own coin; that is I taught her; and ſhe ſoon could read a chapter in the Teſtament off at hand. Well I was put prentice to a Buckle-Maker, and I have not been long out of my time, but I muſt tell you how I conducted myſelf during my prenticeſhip, tho' it would be better for the matter o'that to come from any one elſe. Howe'er I muſt ſpeak truth or elſe writing a life or any thing elſe, is *not* writing a life or any thing elſe. I ſay during my prenticeſhip I did all in my power to pleaſe and ſerve my maſter. I ſaw how he liked to have things done, and I ſtrived to do 'em ſo. I was always early in the ſhop; and many a time has maſter come out of miſtreſſes room thro' the counting houſe with nothing but his breeches on juſt to ſee who and who was together; and found nobody but me. Job ſays he, thee beeſt the beſt o'the bunch Lad, and now and then ſlipt a penny or two-pence into my hand.

Maſter was a very punctual man--a Churchman---but he married a Diſſenter. Miſtreſs was a good ſort of a Woman and he as good a man as ever was born. He liked to ſee every thing neat and clean; and uſed often to ſay that a Tradeſman without Punctuality was like a ruſty Weather-cock that would not turn upon its centre. There was no dependence on't, ſo all our Journeymen as was'nt punctual got the name of *Ruſty Weathercock Jack---George* or what not. As I ſaid before I lik'd to pleaſe my Maſter and therefore I was always punctual when I went of an errand. And alſo kept my bench tight. A place for every tool and file. And though it may appear an odd fancy I uſed to look at my vice, tools and bench, with as much pleaſure as mayhap Mr. Richards does at his grand toy ſhop; where I once

I once ſaw him reaching out of the window a pair of plated Buckles and put into a fine Lady's hands; who little thought that the poor dirty lad as was peeping in did moſt at making of 'em. I declare it had ſuch an effect upon me that I could gladly have kiſſed her foot. And I directly thought to myſelf this is the bleſſing of having rich people in the nation. They wear the fine things as us poor folks get our bread by making

But to come back again to maſter and miſtreſs. They was both extreme good ſort of people, and went conſtant to church and liked that I ſhould do ſo to. And I was very careful never to ſwear nor lie, nor to do any ſuch bad practices. And if I heard any of our ſhopmen ſwear I always ſaid to them what my Sunday ſchool Maſter told me to ſay; —— ſhop-mate don't ſwear, for ſwearing brings a man nothing but repentance, upon this they ſometimes call'd me a methodiſtical dog, but I uſed to ſay how can I be a methodiſt when I go conſtantly to the New Church, this always ſet'em and they had'ent another word to ſay One of our Shopmen was a Methodiſt, and the other Journeymen was always a badgering him till one day Maſter come into the ſhop, when they was all on him full cry, and was very angry: my lads ſays he, if I hear any more of this I ſhall give you the bag, I ſhall do by my men as the King does by the people of this nation; let every one enjoy their own opinions, and ſerve God their own way ſo long as they remain peaceable on the premiſes. You all know that James is as quiet a fellow as any among you, and let me tell you that Old John Weſtley's flock, inſtead of being ſneer'd at as they are, deſerve the thanks of this Kingdom for their peaceable behaviour; a great deal of good has been done by that man, He was a ſtirring old biſhop, and look'd ſharp after his ſhepherds, and if he heard that any one of his flock had the ſcab, he went or ſent and gave him a good dreſſing: ſo my lads let me hear no more of this noiſe. Do your duty ſtick to your work, get as much as you can and make a good uſe of it in your families and I ſhall never enquire what religion you are of. Now my thinks Maſter was very right, for it ſeems to me a ſaft and wicked thing to run your rig upon any body about their religion, for ſuppoſe my father had been a Catholic or a Diſſenter or a Quaker, its moſt likely I ſhould have been

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the ſame ; let a man *act* well, ſay I, and then no matter much what he calls himſelf.

For modes of faith let zealous bigots fight,
His can't be wrong, who's life is in the right.

And I think Poet Free's opinion expreſſ'd in his new ſong, is much the ſame as Poet Popes, and exactly the ſame as Author Nott's. My arrow is only aim'd at the violent impudent inſidious and wicked. I hate violence and bigotry, no bigot can be a good man, nor can a good man be a bigot. I warrant when thoſe of us that are ſincere and good, and try to learn the will of God and do it, I ſay when we're all in heaven together, we ſhall often be ſhaking hands and wondering how we could be ſuch fools when on yonder little ſpot of earth, to be for everlaſting kicking up a duſt about difference in religious opinions.——— Well, I went regularly on with my learning a little and a little every meal time, and as Maſter let me get a little over work, I went to an evening ſchool to learn writing. And now thank God I can read and write well enough to anſwer *my* purpoſe, and having a little ſpare time in an evening, I thought I could not uſe it better than in telling the young fry, how I have got forwards from nothing as you may ſay, to be a maſter man, for as I ſays to my Betſy who knows but ſome poor Lad as reads my life may try to do the ſame as I did, and ſo be as well off in the end ; I uſed to do little jobs for Maſter's Clerk, and he was very kind to me, he was a very civil man and underſtood french and ſhort hand, he help'd me forward a good deal in my learning, and taught me ſhort hand & juſt at laſt he offer'd to teach me french, no ſays I, thank you for your love Mr Mills, but no outlandiſh dialect for me, I don't 'ſpire to it, if I can read and write and caſt accounts well enough to make out a tidy bill of parcels, and write a note to a factor for a draft to go to the Bank with, its enough for me, tho' there's no great occaſion for going to the Bank now, as the five guinea note men come round as regular as the white ſandmen & will do a bill for nothing a'moſt, but I'm told Mr. Pitt is'ent over and above fond of their goings on, and means ſoon to make'em come to book and give ſecurity for a good round ſum a piece ; but to come back again Mr Mills preſſ'd me to learn french, ſays I Mr. Mills what uſe will french be of to me ? unleſs I was to have to do with the french folks, and who in his ſenſes would have any connection with ſuch a nation, while rul'd by ſuch bloody minded

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barbarians, why they are worſe than the Antipoads that kill'd and chop'd our brave ſailor Captain Cook to pieces, and mayhap the ſame cauſe makes them act the ſame,— What do you mean ſays Mr. Mills? What do I mean ſays I, why I mean that they had no bibles where Captain Cook was kill'd and cut up, to teach 'em better; and tho' they might have bibles in France yet the people was not permitted to read them, and me thinks I ſhou'dn't be much the better for mine, if I was not to read it a bit, theſe french have been call'd for a great while paſt a poliſh'd people, a *poliſhed people* indeed, they give fine proofs of it forſooth; mayhap it is that their tongues are made of poliſh'd ſteel, and their hearts made up of the file duſt; however let *them* act as they like and may I and all my brother chips remain in the *ruff* and yet *act ſmoothly*. I wiſh you well with all my heart, I gave you very ſincere advice in the paper I publiſhed the 2nd of December laſt, and it does my heart good to find how kindly you and almoſt every body all over the nation great and ſmall have received it, and had it printed over again at thoſe famous towns of Sheffield and Mancheſter. I ſay *almoſt* all, for there are a few Jacobines who have turn'd up their noſes at it, who my brother chips are men that will neither lead nor drive, ſo if you pleaſe we will leave them to do as they like. I am only ſorry and ſurpriz'd to find that out of falſe delicacy ſo many of the *old faſhioned Moderate Diſſenters* will ſo long be led by the noſe by a man, merely becauſe his noſe is longeſt, and becauſe he lives at the ſign of the gibbet, why don't be frighten'd mun at this he can't hang you up on it. Not one quarter of you believe one half that either he, -- Paine, or the Doctor are continually bothering you about. However lets learn to be charitable, and as the Poet ſays '*forget and forgive*,' mayhap theſe ſly hands who are artful enough to tickle every one in the right place, may when the Emiſſaries are ſent to Canada, which I hear they are ſoon to be, I ſay when this is the caſe and theſe Bell Aſſes are left without any to *lead* them, or any to *follow* them, they may feel ſorry and become more modeſt and better men, or elſe tranſport themſelves with their collegues to Cannada.

Brother Artificers and all who I adviſ'd before, depend upon it theſe are diſappointed tottering men, who becauſe they can't have a birth on board the State Veſſel, would rather hazard the ſhipwreck of it than not gratify their reſentment. I would

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wiſh to aſk theſe buſy bodies— theſe orators— theſe men who ſo conceitedly lay down the law with their fore finger on their left hand all along the High Town and look as ſtaring and earneſt as tho' they was a giving orders for the Alarm Bell to be rung; I ſay I would aſk theſe neglecters of buſineſs what but the want of the Coal makes them unhappy, and what but want of attention to buſineſs and ſetting up for orators keeps the purſe empty.

But it is really of no uſe to adviſe theſe men; for as they think they are wiſer than any body ever was before; they cannot be expected to take any ſaving advice. They are unquiet beings; and like the troubled ſea can never be at reſt. It was juſtly ſaid by a Scotch Clergyman in the News-paper that if the Doctor and his little impudent ſet was in Abraham's boſom they woudn't be eaſy till they had kick'd his guts out.

I could ſay a good deal more to theſe Gentlemen;—— but as it's unfair to hit a man after he's down; and as my Couſin John ſaid, Fair play's a jewel, I'll ſay nothing further on that head; hoping that as I have only ſtroked their faces I've not broke any bones. But to come back again. I was ſpeaking of the great bleſſing of every poor perſons being permitted to read the Bible. And as I'm ſure the French Cannibals (as Mr. Burke juſtly called 'em for he ſaid they cut out Gentlemens hearts, and ſqueezed the blood into wine and drank it) I ſay if theſe French Cannibals had read the Bible they cou'dn't have acted thus. That bleſſed book teaches men better things. It teaches them to do as they would be done by. For my part I dont wonder at any Wickedneſs among men who deny God, and dont read the Scriptures; which teaches them thoſe things they ought to do and thoſe they ought not to do. Only look back and ſee how other men have behaved before the Goſpel ſhone among them and then you wont wonder at the conduct of thoſe men in the preſent days; who wont ſuffer it to enlighten their minds and ſoften their hearts. Why before the Goſpel there was a prodigious large round building at Rome called the Amphitheatre as would hold thouſands and thouſands of ſpectators. And what do you think was their diverſion. Why two poor men as they called Gladiators were turned in naked to fight with ſwords, and kept fighting till one was killed dead upon the ſpot, for the entertainment of the company: juſt like the barbarous practice of Cock-fighting here.

But as ſoon as the Goſpel of Jeſus Chriſt ſhone among them, there was an end to theſe barbarous amuſements. Let us then my Brother Artificers, encourage the reading of this bleſſed book which (as Mr. Harvey ſays---I mean him that wrote the Meditations among the Tombs)

Heals the maladies of life---and
Subdues the fear of death--
Which ſtrikes a lightſome viſta
Through the gloom of the grave--and
Opens a proſpect---a glorious proſpect
Of Immortality in the Heavens.

In ſhort if men follow what the Bible teaches them they will be happy whilſt they live, and happy when they come to die, and be happy in heaven. But you'll think I'm preaching you a ſermon, and that isn't what I mean to do. I only pray you not to be got the better on by men as dont believe the ſcriptures; and ſo turn Savages and diſgrace human nature. No no I dont mean to preach you ſermons Every man to his trade ſay I; and let them preach as make it their buſineſs: tho' by the by its all my eye--unleſs they practice what they preach. Methinks if they dont its amoſt like making a joke of one. I have ſeen many a diſpute tween maſter and miſtreſs (who as I ſaid before was a Diſſenter) about many things---and as I write ſhort hand pretty well I uſed to make memorandums. And now talking about preaching puts me in mind of what miſtreſs begun on a little While ago about Mr. Paine's book and the Parſons, &c. She railed againſt them ſadly and ſaid that they ought not to have Tythes; nor to have more livings than one at a time: and that the diſturbances ought to go on. Mary ſays maſter, fair and ſoftly if you pleaſe. You know I never argue againſt you when you ſpeak reaſonable. But as to the matter of Tythes. Was not they appointed by God himſelf. And if a Farmer takes a farm of a Landlord does he not take it at a price according. Who then has any right to deprive the Clergy of their Tythes. Nevertheleſs ſaid maſter I wiſh with all my heart they had a proper allowance inſtead of Tythes becauſe I believe they often cauſe quarrellings between the Parſon and his Pariſhioners; and this is a thing as ought not to be. The Parſon of the Pariſh ſhould methinks be at all times on the kindeſt and friendlieſt footing among his flock: for he is their Shepherd, and he ought not to be burthened with a greater flock than he is able to look after And I'm

told by ſome as I think knows. that it is to be ſo. That every one ſhould have the care of juſt as many ſouls as he could take good care of; for which he is to be handſomely paid as a good gentleman ought. And that the Biſhops are to look ſharply after them to ſee that every one does his duty; and ſtrike them off the rolls as dont, and that none but pious men are to be appointed Shepherds; and ſuch as are deeply learned ſo as to be able to ſilence the Corrupters of Chriſtianity

My Miſtreſs ſeemed much ſatisfied with Maſter's anſwer; but went on to ſay as there was many other grievances, as the Teſt Act--the Game Laws--Impriſonment for Debt--the Mode of Elections---Exciſe Laws--Preſs Warrants---Penſioners---and many other things as ought not to be; and therefore the *Engliſh Jacobins* was in the right and ought to kick up a duſt.

Mary ſays my Maſter don't be in a pet, I perceive that your mind has been inflamed by the perſon who called upon you this afternoon with a book from the Poiſon Shop, but hear me patiently and I hope you will ſee that the evils are not ſo great as you fear and will not warrant that torrent of abuſe which has burſt the banks and threatened to deluge the nation. A torrent which if it is not timely check'd may end as dreadful as in France. My Miſtreſs ſtill inſiſted that the King and his Miniſters ought to promiſe to remedy all grievances before the progreſs of the Jacobines was ſtopt. Mary ſays my Maſter you argue fooliſhly: ſuppoſe a rich man poſſeſſed a great eſtate which lay in a moſt beautiful vale near the ſea, ſuppoſe in this valley a delightful village inhabited chiefly by his tenants who liv'd comfortably and had by their induſtry cultivated their gardens and lands and neatly furniſh'd their houſes; ſuppoſe ſome French Emiſſary who envied the landlord and the villigers happineſs came into the village and pick'd a hole in the landlords coat and magnified every little fault till the once happy villigers became a little diſſatisfi'd with him. Now ſuppoſe ſome vile wretches in league with this villiage incendary went in the night and cut a ſluce in the bank ſo that at high water the ſea begun to pour and roar into the valley, Then ſuppoſe the landlord concern'd for himſelf and his tenants was inſtantly to ride among them and beg them to aſſemble without a moment's loſs of time take their ſpades with them and away to the breach to ſtop the increaſing torrent of water that threaten'd to deluge the villige. What then do you think they'd do? Would they ſtand parleying and ſay, no-- let us firſt ſettle theſe diſputes; let us have theſe grievances that Mr.

Emiſſary

Emiſſary tells us of redreſſ'd and then we'ell go. I aſk you Mary ſays my Maſter what ſhould be the conduct of men whoſe *Wives, Children, furniture, gardens, improvements &c.* were all threaten'd with diſtruction from this increaſing torrent? Why my dear ſays ſhe they would haſten inſtantly to ſtop the breach, and then throw themſelves on the gratitude of the landlord to remove whatever might prove real grievances. Mary ſays he, its juſt the ſame with *Brittania and her children.* Maſter ſays I, if I may be ſo bold Mr. Mills has been telling me ſomething about Overt Acts and that theſe Paineites ſay that we have no occaſion to be frighten'd and prepare to defend ourſelves till the danger is more evident which I think Maſter is as much as to ſay, don't attempt to ſtop the breach till its out of your power. And if I cock and level a piſtol at you, you have no occaſion to be allarm'd till the ball enters under your fifth rib--juſt plumps through your heart and ſticks in your backbone As ſoon as you're certain its ſafe there--Then load and fire away---Bravo---Bravo!

The pride of all nature was ſweet Willy-O.

And now, my dear, continued my maſter, let us talk a little more about theſe mighty grievances you ſpeak of as the *Teſt Act, the Game Laws, Impriſonment for Debt, the Mode of Elections, the Exciſe Laws, Preſs Warrants, Penſions, &c.* and firſt of

## THE TEST ACT.

WOULD any men in their ſenſes admit others into places of power and truſt without their giving ſome conſcientious proof of their firm attachment to that government thoſe powers are meant to ſupport and cheriſh? Surely not. They talk of a ſtigma. Why they cant expect to go through the World without a little ſtigma; tho' for my part I think it none And as long as they have the credit of being *Wiſer, Richer*, and *Better* people than the church folk, which *according to their own account* they are, I think they ſhould not make ſo much fuſs about next kin to nothing at all. I dont find that the church people have acted otherwiſe than friendly towards them. Have they made any efforts to keep them *ignorant, poor* or *immoral?* It was out of their power, ſays my miſtreſs. That I deny ſays my maſter. For if they had been oppreſſed they might not have been what they ſay they are. I ſay if they had not been ſuffered to have had ſchools, they might not have been ſo *wiſe.* If church folks had made it a rule to trade with people of their *own perſwaſion only* (as moſt of the Diſſenters do) they might

not have been ſo *rich*; and if they had not been permitted to aſſemble and hear their Paſtor's *Bible*-admonitions they might not have been ſo *virtuous*. And therefore dont let the mild government of this bleſſed country have it to ſay, "I have nouriſhed up children and they have rebelled againſt me."

And next as to the

## GAME LAWS.

WHAT advantage would it be to us Birmingham people to have a right to go a ſhooting? None. But evidently a diſadvantage. If I want a hare for a chriſtening dinner, I can get one for 4s. and I fancy I ſhould loſe more by neglecting my buſineſs to go and ſhoot one, beſides the expence of powder and ſhot, and the danger of my gun going off at half cock, or in ſhooting acroſs the road, and blowing the brains of ſome worthy man out, who perhaps might have a family to lament his loſs. Upon the whole depend upon it the Game Laws ſerve to make men induſtrious and to keep them at their work. And as to

## IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT

I AM ſurprized that it ſhould be objected to How was I enabled to begin buſineſs, and conſequently to marry you, and ſee theſe dear babes in my houſe? Why entirely thro' the friendſhip of Mr. Jones lending me the 50l. And do you think he would have lent it me if he could not have come over me by law, ſuppoſing I had refuſed to pay it. I tell you this is a wiſe and ſalutary law; and I fancy few but very knaves are long impriſoned; for I never knew an honeſt man who came forward and gave up his All to his Creditors, that did not find ſupport; and even as the law now ſtands, any man may clear himſelf after *he is* in goal to a certain amount by delivering up his All upon oath. As to

## THE MODE OF ELECTING MEMBERS

OF Parliament, I do think it would be better altered and no one to vote but thoſe who had houſes or land, for all others may be called Citizens of the World; and if any commotions happen in one nation, they may pack up their Alls, and be gone to another, and leave the Landholders and Owners of Houſes to fight the battle. So that it ſeems to be *their* care to make good and proper laws more than any body, in order to encourage others to live among them, and rent their land and houſes. What, ſays my miſtreſs, wou'dn't you have tradeſpeople vote? My dear, ſays maſter, you know I am no politician, but it ſtrikes me that when tradeſpeople get money,

and

and wiſh to have a vote, it would be eaſy to buy a bit of land, or a houſe; and I ſay again, that (as houſes and land would be of little uſe without people to live in the former and eat the produce of the latter) the owners would take care to have ſuch laws made as would keep us tradeſpeople among them. As to unequal repreſentation, as they make ſo much fuſs about, it does at firſt ſight ſeem unequal that the great citys of London and Weſtminſter, which are ſo numerouſly inhabited, ſhould ſend no more members to Parliament than other places where there is not a twentieth part of the number of people; but then methinks it would be well to look at what ſort of members are ſent by this and that place; and if thoſe members that are ſent by a *many* voices are no more virtuous than thoſe ſent by a *few* where is the evil complained of? For as ſoon as a man ſits down in the Britiſh Houſe of Commons, they tell me he is a repreſentative of, (and aſſiſts in making laws for) the whole people of England. I ſhall ſome day, when I can awhile, contraſt the characters of thoſe members that have been ſent to Parliament by the *Many* with thoſe that have been ſent by the *Few*, and ſee which have been the beſt men. But what's further I ſhould like them to vote by Ballot, ſo that no member ſhou'd know who voted for him, and who did not; and this certainly would prevent much wickedneſs, ſuch as falſe ſwearing, drunkenneſs, bad neighbourhood, ruined eſtates, &c. &c. But let us be quiet, Mary, and depend upon it ſomething of this ſort will take place by and by. But the maſons would never have finiſhed the Old Church Steeple if they had been continually pelted and hindered from their work. As to the

## EXCISE LAWS,

WE have a heavy National Debt brought on by the French and Americans. This debt is due to individuals moſtly of our own nation, among whom are numberleſs Widows and Orphans. How are theſe people to be paid the intereſt of their money without taxes; and as to an exciſeman coming to gauge my malt, and ſee that I paid my due and no cheating, who is againſt that but thoſe as want to cheat "The Law is a terror to evil doers but to the praiſe of them that do well."

This heavy debt I ſay, that requires the taxes to pay the intereſt, was, as I ſaid before, brought on chiefly by the French and Americans, who was ſtirred up to oppoſe us by thoſe reſtleſs beings who are now finding fault with the taxes. However taxes muſt be had in every kingdom, and as well by the Exciſe Laws as any other Laws. The honeſt man has nothing to fear.

Mind

Mind Æſop's Fable, upon the *Belly and Members*.

"THE hands and feet on a time were in a deſperate mutiny againſt the belly. They knew no reaſon, they ſaid, why one ſhould pamper itſelf with the fruit of the other's labour; and if the belly would not work for company, they'd be no longer at the charge of maintaining it. Upon this mutiny, they kept the body ſo long without nouriſhment, that all the parts ſuffered for it, inſomuch that the hands and feet came in concluſion to find their miſtake, and would have been willing then to have done their office, but it was now too late, for the body was ſo pin'd with overfaſting, that it was wholly out of condition to receive the benefit of a relief, and ſo they all periſh'd together.

"MORAL. The Publick is but one Body, and the Fable cautions the particular Members of it how they withdraw themſelves from their duties, till it ſhall be too late for their ſuperiors to make uſe of them for their mutual advantage.

Lets ſee ſays my Maſter what were the other grievances Mary, other grievances ſays ſhe, why the Preſs Warrants and Penſions, — Oh'aye,

## PRESS WARRANTS;

IT is I grant a grievous thing to have poor fellows taken againſt their will, but there is ſomething to be conſidered here, and firſt you ſhould recollect that when theſe people enter upon the ſea ſervice, (which is generally their own or their parents choice) they know that the ſafety of their country occaſionally makes them liable to theſe hardſhips, beſides conſidering it an evil which it certainly is, how much greater an evil would it be to have an Army of French Soldiers landed on our coaſt, ſet our towns on fire, pillage our houſes, take huſbands hoſtages, violate our wives, kill our children and commit all kinds of exceſſes, let us ſet one evil again t'other, and then let me aſk you Mary, if of two evils we ſhould not chooſe the leaſt, and now laſtly, as to

## PENSIONERS.

I Agree with you that ſome worthleſs people may enjoy penſions, but we ſhould conſider that perhaps they might be granted to their anceſtors for real and good ſervices to their country ſuppoſe for inſtance I was to do ſomething for the good of this nation, why I ſhould have ſome claim upon the nations gratitude, and ſuppoſe for the ſake of arguing, the King was to ſay to me, I have conſulted my miniſters about rewarding

your

your ſervices, and we have agreed to give you a 1000£. unleſs you prefer any thing elſe that will be nearly equal, why now ſuppoſe I was to ſay, pleaſe your Majeſty I thank you, but if it is agreeable to your Majeſty, I ſhould prefer fifty pounds a year to me and my heirs for ever. Why, its very likely in fifty years time when I was dead and gone and all my ſervices were forgotten, that ſome make-believe philoſopher would blackguard my great grandſon and ſay, its ſuch fellows as you as ſwallows up the public money for doing nothing, whilſt I am obliged to pay taxes. Now if I had taken the thouſand pounds for my ſervices to the nation, it might have been of much more advantage to me, and there would be nothing to reproach my grand child with,—I cant be ſure tho' I make no doubt but this is the caſe with many who receive Penſions now.

I was much pleaſ'd with my Maſters converſation, and as he was always reekon'd a ſenſible man, I took it down in ſhort hand. Upon the whole I dont think we have much to complain about, it is'nt to be expected that our conſtitution can be more perfect than the makers of it as I ſaid in my advice, and if upon looking into it any thing is found that wants rectifying, Job Nott will be as ready and as free to adviſe Maſter Pitt as he is his brother Artificers, but let him do what he will he cant pleaſe every body a law that benefits one, may and often will be hurtful to another, and indeed how is it to be expected that what a miniſter does ſhould pleaſe all, when what the great God of the univerſe does is not pleaſing to all. The bleſſed rain that makes the graſs grow, by which Cows and Sheep are kept alive and produce us milk, butter, cheeſe, leather for ſhoes, wool for coats, gowns, cloaks, and ſtockings, beſides many other comforts and conveniences; I ſay this bleſſed rain which God ſends and which makes the farmers graſs grow, may ſpoil Miſs Fanny's beſt hat and petticoat, or prevent Molly Hoptop from going to the fair. But what's more to the purpoſe the rain that does good to one ſort of ſoil, dont to another, ſo let us be content poor and rich ſay I, for mythinks the differance between being poor and rich is not ſo great as it ſeems to be. The poor get victuals, cloaths and a coffin when they die. The rich get no more, the caſh muſt ſtay behind. But I think I am got quite out of my life and its high time I come back again. Well, I was ſaying that towards the latter part of my time Mr Mills taught me ſhort hand, and that enabled me many a time to take down what my Maſter ſaid about theſe national concerns.

JOB's

## JOB's TIME UP.

WELL the day arrived when Job come out of his time, my Maſter call'd me into the counting-houſe, Job ſays he, to day you're out of your time, here's your indenture, and here's a guinea for thee, you have ſerv'd me well, and you wont be a journeyman long I aſſure you, I thank'd him and told him I was as much oblieged to him and Miſtreſs for their good counſel and care as they could be to me for my ſervices. Well I went home and reported all to my poor mother, who now poor ſoul is dead! or how glad ſhe would be to ſee me a maſter man and ſo happy with a good natur'd wife, I told her all that my Maſter had ſaid and ſhew'd her the guinea, of which I had now nine all new ones that I had ſaved by over work. Says I Mother I am now determind to open the money box, and I'll have a fortnights holliday and ſpend one of my over work guineas or perhaps half one more, I'll go ſome-where to ſee a little of the world, where ſhall I go? Go lad ſays her, if I may adviſe thee, go where thee may'ſt pick up ſomething, go to Walſall or Wolverhampton and there you may ſee ſome'at of of thy own trade and the difference of work and then thy journey wont be without ſome profit, right mother ſays I, and as you are poorl'y I'll hire

## THE ONE HORSE CHAISE

AND you ſhall go too, ſo off I went and hired the Chaiſe and it was ſettled to go the next morning, but one, as my new cloaths was to come home on the morrow: Well the morning came and the Chaiſe come to the door ſoon after ſeven, the neighbours ſtair'd like ſtuck pigs, it put me in a bit of a flurry but however we got in and off we went merrily towards Walſall and a mighty fine morning and very pleaſant it was until we come to the hill leading up to Mr. Eggintons the great Window Painter, there we met a Stage Coach coming down the hill full gallop, which put us both in a frightful ſtew and fom'ow mother pulling one rein and I the to'ther we got full near and ſo it daſh'd one of our wheels off, and over we went, but thank God neither on us much the worſe for the fall the Coachman did but laugh at us and drove on, to be ſure I hardly knew what to be at I was ſo ſadly aſham'd of going home again, for you muſt know there was quite a wake to ſee us ſett out, however I led the horſe home a round about way, and mother walk'd home and got in at the back door. The man we hir'd the Chaiſe from, was ſad and angry, he d---'d me for a lubber headed awk'ard aſs, and ſwore hed take a jack aſs

and

and fetch the Chaiſe home, and come and ſtand an hour at my mother's door, I was ſneaking off out of the ſtable, when he ſhouted after me, where's the money, what is it ſays I, ſeven ſhillings ſays he, ſeven ſhillings ſays I for riding to Hockley Brook, ah ſays he ſeven ſhillings, and if you dont pay, the court's your portion, then ſays I if I'm to pay ſeven ſhillings I'll have the horſe all day, and ſo we agreed that I ſhould have a ride into the bargin. And as I had never been to Sutton I thought as there was no turnpike I'd ride that way.

## THE HUNTING BUSINESS.

JUST as I come upon Sutton Cofield a Hare run acroſs the road and inſtantly the Hounds and Huntſmen, this put me in a ſweat for my horſe would go, however tho' I ſhould not ſay it I ſat him as well as the beſt of 'em. I did not underſtand hunting language and therefore I determin'd not to ſay nothing untill I heard what others ſaid. Very ſoon we began to go faſter and faſter all among the gos and ruts, and a'moſt all the gentlemen begun to cry ſmoak the brum, ſmoak the brum, and as I thought it would be right I hollow'd as loud as I could, ſmoak the brum, ſmoak the brum, upon which they laugh'd monſtrouſly and look'd at me, and I began to think they muſt be laughing at my horſe, however an unfortunate circumſtance put an end to their laughing, for my horſe would jump over a hedge and throw'd me plump over his head in a heap of mud, and I believe they thought I was kill'd out right, but thank God that was not the caſe, one good gentleman ſtaid with me till he ſaw all was well and then ſaid be hop'd there was no harm done, and gallop'd off after the hounds. To be ſure this was ten times worſe than the Chaiſe job, for I had half ſpoil'd my new cloathes and loſt the horſe, he having gallop'd off as ſoon as he had thrown me, however I walk'd home determin'd to make the beſt of a bad bargin, and upon going to the ſtable I found my horſe had found his way before me, ſo I paid the man and all was right ſo far. But I cant ſay I am mightily pleaſ'd with theſe Hunting Country Gentlemen for running their rig upon us Birmingham folks, tho' we may'nt all be quite ſo polite as they are, I was as well or better dreſſ'd then any one of 'em, and for ought I ſaw, till I was thrown, rode as faſt tho' to be ſure I did not ſometimes ſit quite ſo tight on the ſaddle. I had on all fire new cloaths from head to foot, a very handſome faſhionable long ſkirted great coat, a new cock'd hat, black everlaſting breeches, and a very good pair of blue worſted boot ſtockings, ſo that there was no great deal to laugh at methinks, —— beſides,

The

## The COUNTRY GENTLEMEN

SHOULD conſider that if it was'nt for me, and ſuch as me, perhaps they might not have ſo much money to hunt with. Dont we eat butter---dont we eat cheeſe---dont we drink ale---dont we eat beef and mutton---and dont we wear Woollen clothes---and dont all theſe articles come off their lands---and dont they ſet their Farms for double price in conſequence of the quantity of proviſions devoured in this place; ſo that I think there isn't much to laugh at. Methinks if Mr. Pitt was to neglect the trade, and trade ſhould be dead, and popilation didn't go on in the manner it does here, theſe laughing Gents might laugh a tother ſide the mouth, and mayhap ſome of their children or grand children be glad to be Buckle-makers, and then they might happen to be in the ſame condition as Job Nott. Gentlefolks ſhould conſider theſe things a little.

I was now taken up full two days in cleaning my clothes, and in talking to mother about this ſad Hunting buſineſs, and was now determined not to ride no more, but thought I'd e'en walk it to

## WALSALL:

SO off I ſet I went to a great many of the manufactories to ſee how they come on: and I didn't go to no purpoſe, for I was ſoon up to their ſtroke, and put down what I obſerved in ſhort hand. It was dark before I had ſatisfied my curioſity; ſo I ſtaid all night and ſpent the evening among a good many hearty ſouls. I was always told that the Walſallites was Hobgoblin ſort of folk, but for what I ſee they are up to as much as we are, and their daughters are as pretty and go full as fine. The Converſation turned upon

## THE RIOTS.

BUT nobody was inclined to believe that there was any truth in the ſcandal circulated by the Jacobine Reſtleſs Diſſenters viz. That it was plann'd by the Churchmen, and winked at by the Juſtices. *Reſtleſs Jacobine* Diſſenters, ſays I, that's a proper diſtinction, for it's hard to brand a whole ſet for a few. There'll be ſome ſcabby ſheep found in every fold. In ſhort it was generally underſtood juſt as I underſtand it, That the imprudence and impudence of thoſe men as would in ſpite of fate commemorate the French Revolution in this happy flouriſhing country, and drink Toaſts, and uſe expreſſions ſignifying that they wiſhed to ſee a ſimilar one here, raiſed the indignation of a few who had aſſembled before the Hotel door juſt to ſee who dined, and mayhap to hiſs them a Bit. But being diſappointed

by

by theſe revolution gentlefolk (who carried themſelves off thro' the back door,) in their rage began to do what they never had propoſed to do, and what in their cool moments they'd have ſhudder'd at. And when the game was begun, the hundred thieves which I mention'd in my paper of advice, and who are always ready to begin or ſecond any miſchief, I ſay theſe thieves kept up the Ball for the ſake of plunder. If it had been a plan Gentlemen ſays I, I fancy they'd not have been ſent to many of the peaceable and worthy men's houſes which are deſtroyed, for who but madmen and thieves would deſtroy property which every one is obliged to contribute towards reſtoring again. Depend upon it the Jacobine men keep up this idea and are continually buzzing it into the ears of the *old fashioned moderate Diſſenters*, in order to keep the breach from healing. As a Birmingham man I was aſked for my opinion and I gave it juſt as above ſtated and which I believe from the bottom of my heart, to be the true ſtate of the caſe. A gentleman in the corner who came out of Cornwall ſaid, it was a proverb among the Miners in his country, "*as peaceable as a Birmingham man*" and that it was the laſt place he ſhould have expected to have heard of riots at Why ſays I Sir, you and your Miners are right for I believe there never was a place of its ſize ſo remarkable for a quiet and peaceable behaviour. A many years ago when we choſe to ſhow the Country Gentlemen the odds on't, and brought Sir Charles Holt in, becauſe we would bring him in, there was a moſt 20,000 people aſſembl'd and yet not a ſhin broke or a toe trod upon, as you may ſay. A great number aſſembled when a fellow was ſtuck in the pillory for falſe ſwearing, again when the two bloody murderers were hung, and yet all was quiet and not the leaſt miſchief done; and ſo we ſhould have remain'd if theſe few violent, impudent would be thought wiſe men, would have been eaſy and have let our *worthy King*, and *glorious Conſtitution* alone. We love our King becauſe he is virtuous, and bleſs God for our Conſtitution, becauſe it is the very beſt in the known world, and if we like to ſupport our King, as ſuch a diſtinguiſhed perſon ought to be ſupported whats that to any body; if he has a good deal of money allow'd him he dont eat it I reckon, nor will it be buried with him; I warrant it comes round again and encourages trade, ſo here's his good health ſays I. This was highly reliſh'd and God ſave Great George our King, concluded a merry evening

Next morning I went to Wolverhampton, Bilſton, &c.

Bleſs me what work is going on here ; the country is top full of fire and ſmoak, and labouring men are ſo ſcarce, that the Horſes are obliged to eat their oats without threſhing.

## THE COAL PIT.

I Was prevail'd upon to go down into a Coal Pit, at firſt I was ſadly frighten'd, but ſeeing the hardy and fearleſs Colliers ſitting round a jug of good Ale, I cheer'd up a little and upon paying my foot Ale, another jug was let down, they begun to get merry, but I begun to get ſad, for I did not like my ſituation, however they behaved ſo civil and good humour'd that at laſt I was really ſorry to come away. They had juſt let down an old fellow who formerly had work'd with ſome of 'em but was ſo maimed in his arms years ago, by the Coal falling on him, that he never could work in the Pit again, and ſo he had been travelling all over the kingdom with a baſket ſelling a few buckles and garters and ſuch little things. And as it was a many years ſince he ſaw any of his buttys as he call'd them, they gave him a hearty welcome and club'd to treat him. He told them many ſtories and one among the reſt tickled my fancy a good deal.—

## THE OLD COLLIER's STORY.

ONE time ſays he, when I was a bankrupt, that is, when my baſket was empty and I had no money to ſtock it, I call'd at a good looking houſe a begging ; God bleſs your honour ſays I, relieve a poor old maim'd Collier; the Gentleman *ſmil'd* and went in, and ſoon return'd with a bundle of books and ſaid, Silver and Gold have I none (*to give away,*) but ſuch as I have, give I unto thee, here are a dozen of little books which will bring thee 2d. a piece, at any of the Farm Houſes you may go to. I thanked him and came on my road with a heart as light as a feather. I ſoon come to a pretty village, and call'd at the firſt houſe to ſell my books, a good motherly woman came to the door, which ſhe ſlam'd in my face as ſoon as I had ſhew'd her one of the books, and ſaid ſhe'd ſend for her huſband to put me in the ſtocks. Oh, Oh, ſays I, let me be off with myſelf, and ſo I budg'd on till I came to tother end of the village and then I went into an Ale houſe ; there was a good fire and ſeven or eight Soldiers and a Sergant ſat round it, ſays I Gentlemen, pleaſe to buy a book of a poor old broken down Collier, lets look at one ſays the Sergant,—I gave him one.—You d---'d old rogue ſays he, but I'll pepper your hide for this,— fetch the Cat.-- At which I ſtared and ſaid Gentlemen

men no offence I hope, what do you mean, he'll tell you ſays one of the Soldiers as ſoon at the Cat comes; preſently the Cat came, and a develiſh odd looking one too, with nine tails, which the Sergant took into his hand, and vapouring it over my head; now you old raſcally treaſon-monger ſays he, if you dont directly throw every book into the fire, and upon your bare knees drink the Kings health and ſucceſs to his Army, I'll flog you for an hour if I am broke directly for it; We'll give him ten a piece, ſhouted all the Soldiers. Gentlemen ſays I, what do you mean, I'm in the dark and dont underſtand you. Tie him up ſays a young dog of a Recruit, upon which the Landlord came in and aſk'd what was the matter, and ſaid I muſt not be hurt, for that no Britiſh born man or even *peaceable* foreigner who took up his abode in Britain, could be puniſh'd till he had been before the Juſtice. And now it come out that the books which this Gentleman had given me, was full of treaſon, and call'd the "*The Rights of Man.*"

I then up and told my ſtory, and the Landlord ſaid that he hadn't any doubt of the man as gave me the books, by my deſcription of his perſon and houſe. So that the ſoldiers ſoon ſaw I was quite ignorant what the books was (for I coud'nt read) and then they made as much on me t'other Way, and filled my belly with good victuals and drink, and gave me a penny a-piece, and the Landlord gave me 6d. We then burnt all the books, and ſung, "God ſave the King," the While. Upon this the Landlord ſaid, the very ſame Scoundrel left one of 'em at my houſe t'other day, but I'll ſoon do it over. Upon this he fetched out his children, five in number, and telling them what it was, he ſet it on fire in the middle of the floor, and the pretty little ones danced round it. I cou'd not help crying at the ſight; and I noticed ſome of the ſoldiers in the ſame ſituation. Poor fellows, it grieved me to take their money, tho' I was ſo very poor myſelf; and I ſaid, Gentlemen, you have been very kind; but as the Landlord has given me 6d. I'll return yours if you pleaſe, for you get but a little more than me. Upon this one of them jumpt up, and taking me by the hand, ſaid my old Heart of Oak, we dont want money. We fight for *Honour*, for our King and Country, *not for money*; and immediately ſung,

"How happy's a Soldier that lives on his pay,
"And ſpends Half a Crown out of 6d. a Day.'

I then thank'd them, and left them, rejoicing at my good luck. The next place I ſtopt at was

## The LODGING HOUSE

ON the road were I meant to make my quarters for that night. A travelling Tinker and his Wench was all our company. She was a great He-looking draggle tailed creature, full 6 foot high, with eyes as big as oyſters, and a mouth as wide as three of mine. He called her *Spanker*. We ordered a diſh of beef ſtakes for ſupper, and a famous diſh it proved, but before I'd eat two mouthfuls on't, Spanker belch'd and broke Wind confoundedly, ſo that, hungry as I was, it quite turn'd my ſtomach, for that's a thing reckoned beaſtly even among the pooreſt of folks. However the diſh was ſoon clear'd. *I've* had a brave ſupper, ſaid Spanker. So have I ſays the Tinker. And ſo haven't I, ſaid I, for you turn'd me ſick, Madam. Well, ſaid ſhe, What ſaid the Dutcheſs, when ſhe got a Liftenant made Captain for fathering a f—t as ſhe let before the Queen, Its an ill Wind that blows Nobody good. There was the more for me and the Tinker.

Juſt as ſupper was over, a genteel man came to the door ſadly frighted. He ſaid he had been at the next market town on buſineſs, but being detained late, and having drank rather too much in the Way of Trade, he had miſſed his road, and his horſe had fell down with him and run away. The Landlord told him he'd no chance to find either his horſe or his road that night, it being ſo dark; and aſked him to ſit down and make himſelf contented. This at laſt he conſented to, and made himſelf as merry as he could among us. At bed-time we called the Reckoning, and the Landlord to give the Tinker change pulled out a handful of money, and among it a Five Guinea Note. On ſeeing this, the ſtranger darted acroſs the table like a cat at a rat. I'll give you another for that, ſays he, and three pence to boot. With all my heart, ſays the Landlord, if yours is drawn upon a Knight, and another partner or two. Mine, (replied the Gentleman) are all upon an undeniable houſe—— *Sir Revrance Dans, La, Pot, De, Chambr and Co.* Its as good as the Bank, ſays the Landlord. I know'd Mr. Dans afore he was benighted. Howe'er the Landlord refuſed the 3d. So the Tinker and me clubb'd our Pence a-piece, and had a tankard of Fippenny.

I muſt tell you the Landlord turned out a bit of a Wag, and alſo a ſong-maker; for on being called on for a ſong he ſtruck up directly

A Ped'ar, and a Spanker,
A Tinker, and a Banker,
Met together in a lodging houſe; Says

Says the Landlord to the Banker,
Should you like to ſleep with Spanker?

I forget the reſt, but it was a deadly good ſong.---Come puſh about the jorum, ſays one of the Colliers, as ſoon as he'd done laughing at the Old Boys ſtory, and give us a Toaſt.---Here's the King and Conſtitution, ſays the Old Cock. Three huzzas. The next man that took up his tot ſaid, Here's Confuſion to Tom Paine, and all ſuch Blackguards.---Three huzzas again. I cant think what ſort of employ Tom Paine and ſuch as ſociate with him in giving about his books, are put to in t'other World, ſaid a Youth as ſat next me. I can tell you, ſaid the Old Collier, for in my travels I once met with one as folks call a nickromancer, and he ſaid as he had been there and know'd all about it. I was telling him what an eſcape I had with the Soldiers for offering Tom Paine's books to ſell, and this brought on the converſation. Well, but what are they employed at, ſays the young Lad, ſeeming very anxious to be told all about it. Employ'd at, ſays the Old Collier, Why they are *not employ'd* at all, as you may ſay, for they're hung up in rows each ſide a dark long paſſage, and every time the D---l go to ſ----t he takes one of them to wipe his a----e with.

I thought I ſhould have burſt with laughing; and ſo when we had taken the parting tot, I was wound up in the Old Colliers Lap, and he went ſtrait to Wedgebury, and I proceeded to Birmingham.

I was ſo pleaſed with my journey, that it took me a whole day to tell mother, and poor ſoul, ſhe'd ſuch a loyal heart that ſhe roared like a bull for joy to hear that all was for ſupporting the King and Conſtitution.

I ſpent ſome days going about from one place to another; but as nothing particular happened, I took it into my head to have a ſtrolling Walk ſomewhere, and take my gun with me.

## The SHOOTING BUSINESS.

I Borrowed a gun of a neighbour, and walked towards Perry Bridge. I got into the fields, and ſeeing a bird in the hedge I let fly at him, but I miſſed him.——It would have been fortunate for me if I had *miſs'd every thing elſe*; but the fates ſeemed againſt me. I forgot that the great road run along-ſide the hedge, and unfortunately ſome of my ſhot knock'd an old Lawyers hat and wig off, and what was worſe, frightened his horſe and threw him. I was truly ſorry, and was doing all I could to beg his pardon, and pick his Wig and Hat out of the dirt, when two fellows in green coats came up, and a little gentleman,

man, and upon the Lawyer telling him the tale, he abuſed me in a moſt ſhameful manner, and ordered one of the green coat men to break my gun. This and his foul language exaſperated me paſt bearing, and as I knew my gun wasn't charged, I levelled it at him. Upon this he ſeized me by the collar, and ſwore he'd hang me. And as the Old Lawyer ſaid I was very much to blame to point the gun at a gentleman. I conſented to be horſe-whipped, rather than be took before the Juſtice. So they borrowed the Lawyers long laſhed Whip, and finely they did belabour me. They ſoon flogged the laſh off, and was going on dreadfully with the handle, but here the Lawyer put in his caveat. Stop, ſtop, Gentlemen, ſays he, the poor fellow's had quite enough; beſides that handle's an old antiquary, and is very valuable. I wiſh with all my heart, the laſh had been an old antiquary too, thought I. However whether the Lawyer conſidered his Whip handle or my back, I ſhall always reſpect him, and if ever I raiſe caſh enough to buy a bit of freehold, he ſhall make the writings out; for Gratitude is a bleſſed and heavenly virtue; and he that has not Gratitude in his heart is fit to be a Murderer or a Jacobin, or a Thief, or any thing elſe thats bad. I was in a woeful pickle, for as the Whip had fell into the mud, it marked my coat all over, ſo I was obliged to bundle up my coat in my handkerchief, and walk home in my ſhirt ſleeves, with my Gun broke all to-pieces.

This was a pretty ſettling. And I was now cured for a Shooter as well as for a Hunter. So young Working Men my advice to you is, Not to undertake that as you dont underſtand. And eſpecially Shooting, for I muſt confeſs an honeſt man can hardly go along the Roads theſe Holiday times without running the riſque of having his brains blow'd out by ſome Tom Tit Peter Gunner, I ſuppoſe *I* cou'dn't be far from the Lawyer's brains, or I ſhou'dn't have knock'd his wig off, and what a ſhocking thing that would have been, beſides you know, what is a Lawyer good for without brains?

Well, finding that nothing agreed with me ſo well as work, I went to the Shop again and ſet to, hard and faſt, and ſo I went on getting good wages ſometime, until Mr. Mills left my Maſter to go into a place of better wages, and then I was taken to do a part of what he had uſ'd to do. Now I was if poſſible more careful than ever. I try'd to do every thing juſt as Mr. Mills had done it, I kept all the buſineſs down and never let any run behind hand. I was punctual to my hours at meal times, and never abſented myſelf without Maſter's knowing. And when any body came about buſineſs, there was I in my

place

place to give an anſwer. In ſhort I've reaſon to think that I gave Maſter and his cuſtomers ſatifaction. And thus I went on for ſometime, till one morning Maſter coming into the Counting-Houſe,— Job ſays he I have obſerved thy induſtry and good conduct a long time, and now I ſhall make thee a propoſal that will reward thy virtues and faithful ſervices. This diſorder that I labour under, will not ſuffer me to apply ſo cloſe as I have been uſed to do. I am therefore come to a Reſolution at next Chriſtmas, to give thee a ſmall ſhare of the buſineſs on conditions of your taking the burthen of it. I was as you may ſuppoſe very thankful and happy, and Maſter was as good as his word, for when Chriſtmas come, ſtock was taken, Maſter was to have five per cent. intereſt for the money and goods he had in trade, and I was to have five per cent. for 20*l*. which I had ſaved, and after this the profits was to be divided thus, I was to have three-pence in every ſhilling that was gained and Maſter the reſt, this I gueſſ'd would bring me in a good round ſum.

## JOB ADVISED.

WHEN all things was ſettled and a proper partnerſhip article drawn up, my Maſter thought right to give me a bit of advice. Job ſays he thee be'eſt now a Maſter. Let this text be always before your eyes, "*Do as you would be done by.*" Deal kindly and honeſtly by the Workmen, give them as good wages as you can afford; but always get your Buckles up, as good and as cheap as you can, for that will bring you more orders, and the nimble nine-pence is better than the ſlow ſhilling, both for Maſter and Man. Always let the men have part of their wages by nine o'clock of a Thurſday morning, that their Wives may go into the market and lay it out to the beſt advantage pay them the remainder at 5 o'clock on Saturday afternoon, that they may have time to provide for their families.

If you ſhould ever be diſtreſſed for money, never get into that ruinous practice of drawing bills, and getting other people to endorſe and diſcount them; for this will ſoon deſtroy your peace of mind, and make you unfit to attend to your buſineſs, Therefore never *aſk* nor *grant* ſuch a favour. If you do, diſtreſs may overtake you, and you may be induced to commit the worſt of crimes, as many miſerable men have done, I mean that horrid crime which never can be repented of, *Self Murder.*

No, no, my good fellow, always keep within compaſs:

The larger Ships may venture more,
But little Boats ſhould keep near ſhore.

And if it ever ſhould happen from loſſes, that your own property ſhould be deſtroyed, never ſport or make experiments with the property of others. Call your Creditors together inſtantly, and lay before them the honeſt ſtate of your affairs, and you will find that "Honeſty is the beſt Policy.' You will find yourſelf reſpected and encouraged: and on a ſecond attempt, your mind at eaſe, and your body enabled to take reſt by ſleep, you may ſoon arrive at the mark to which a different conduct would never have carried you.

I thanked him for his good advice, and told him, if the greateſt care and living at a little expence would help me forward, that ſhould not be wanting. And ſo, God bleſs him, ſay I, and all ſuch men. And I hope he will never have reaſon to repent his Generoſity.

And ſo, my Brother Artificers, and more eſpecially you, the ſmaller fry, I wiſh you all to act as I have done, and may you be rewarded as I have been, is the ſincere Advice of

Yours to Command,

JOB NOTT.

*Birmingham, 31ſt December 1792.*

P. S. And now for the Song that Poet Free made at my requeſt. And then we'll begin again

---

## LOVE AND UNANIMITY.

(Tune, —— "*The hardy Tar.*")

WHEN Party feuds and hateful broils,
Diſtruſt and mad deluſion,
Diſturb the happieſt of Iſles,
And all is wild confuſion;
When each purſues his ſtubborn will,
And minds are much divided,
It then requires the utmoſt ſkill,
Until the ſtorm's ſubſided.

CHORUS.

*Then let us hand and heart exert,*
*With manly reſolution,*
*Determin'd firmly to ſupport*
*Our* GLORIOUS CONSTITUTION. Our

Our beſt endeavours uſ'd ſhould be
Loſt Friendſhip to recover,
Let Peace and Unanimity,
Spread all the Kingdom over;
Fair Commerce then will more expand,
Nor ſhall our hopes be blighted,
No foreign foe can harm our Land,
If *Britons* are united.
CHORUS.——*Then let us, &c.*

The chearful and induſtrious heart,
Who oft perhaps in need is,
If well in life he acts his part,
I care not what his Creed is;
Diſſenter,— Churchman,— Catholick,
Whatever their perſuaſions,
Good Subjects are to me alike,
Of all denominations.
CHORUS.——*Then let us, &c.*

Let harmony without controul,
Be quickly reinſtated,
'Twill glad the breaſt of each free ſoul,
To have the work compleated;
For War — whoe'er may be diſpoſ'd,
Away with melancholy,
And now the Britiſh Lion's rouz'd
France will repent her folly.
CHORUS.——*Then let us, &c.*

To quell at once the hateful ſtorm,
And ſtifle all confuſion,
Tho' cheriſh'd be the word *Reform*,
We'll have no *Revolution*;
By Britiſh Patriots may we ſee,
The wheels of State directed,
And Freedom, Life and Property,
For ever be protected.

C H O R U S.

*Then let us hand and heart exert,*
*With manly reſolution,*
*Determin'd firmly to ſupport,*
*Our* KING *and* CONSTITUTION. J. FREE.

As I have made up my Mind to write a

# Poſtscript,

I ſhall take the liberty in the firſt place, to addreſs it to the

## Old faſhion'd Moderate DISSENTERS;

I HAVE now before me a ſcrawl in which I'm ſure *you* had no hand, I mean that infamous publication which came out the 31ſt of December laſt, at (which I ſhall ever call) *the Poiſon Shop*, in Moor Street; methinks it ſmells very much of that *modeſt* publication which begun to come out ſome time ago in numbers, but which you in your wiſdom and moderation order'd ſuppreſſ'd: I fancy this traſh by its ſtile was the production of a junto of

## SAD DOGS;

AND therefore I ſay in the ſtile of the Oxford Doctor,— Ye miſtake me Gentlemen if ye think me a party man,— ye miſtake me Gentlemen if ye think me a parſon,— ye miſtake me Gentlemen if ye think me to be that infernal Scoundrel which you have deſcribed me to be, in your infamous doſe of ſedition,— yea Genlemen, ye miſtake me if ye think me *ſuch an one as yourſelves*;—— In fine Gentlemen, ye altogether miſtake me: for however my wrath and indignation may be call'd out towards the *violent and deſigning few*, I am a man of *peace*, and would not have a miſerable being on earth if it was in my power to make them otherwiſe. I appeal to all moderate men, whether my *advice to ſundry ſorts of people*, was not written in the ſpirit of moderation. Why then abuſe me in the unwarrantable manner you do? Becauſe Gentlemen you will pervert, you will deceive, you have hardened your naughty hearts and will not underſtand.——When I look at you from the top ſtair as one may ſay to the bottom, you make a very pretty appearance, you are upon my honour a very pretty ſet, a remarkable pretty ſet,— Job knows a thing or two about a few of you, and if you dont mend your manners, he probably may take the liberty to dance a hornpipe or ſo upon ſome of your honours. But it would be much better to take my advice and be off,—now do,—there's my good fellows now do be off for fear of an accident,--- only think of the New Drop.--- And when you are mended we will receive you back again and make it up. Dont diſpair, you are not I hope paſt cure, the worſt of wretches have mended, and why may not you, its a long lane that has no turning,—— I aſſure you Gentlemen,

## TRANSPORTATION

HAS a fine effect, a remarkable fine effect, yon know Gentlemen that nothing cur'd Miſs Polly Flanders, vulgarly call'd

## MOLL FLANDERS

BUT Tranſportation,- - poor woman! ſhe was a ſad one, full as bad as you are Gentlemen, and yet ſhe came about in time, I think hiſtory ſays that ſhe was

| | |
|---|---|
| Twelve Years a Whore | Six times in the Poultry Counter |
| Five times a Wife | Fourteen times in the Gate Houſe |
| Twelve years a Thief | Twenty-five times in Newgate |
| Eighteen times in Bridewell | Fifteen times Whip'd |
| Nine times in the New Priſon | Four times Burnt in the Hand |
| Eleven times in Wood-St. Counter | One time condemn'd to die. |

And yet Gentlemen all this didn't do, the date of her reformation does not appear, till we read that she was *once transported*, and then history says she liv'd to see the error of her ways,--- liv'd honest, grew rich and died penitent. Now Gentlemen when the great blessing of transportation's set so clearly before your eyes, I'm sure I hear you one and all say,---we'll go,--- we'll certainly go. But I say Gentlemen, one word more to you, before I wish you a good voyage,--wasn't you rather too quick at that there meeting about thanking Reynard for his fine speeches, now methinks he has bepiddl'd his brush and wisk'd it in your faces as a body may say·— Before dont be too quick in giving the view holloo another time, for fear you should get horse whip'd as I did when I went a shooting, and didn't understand what I was about; but I suppose Gentlemen, you have been peeping into history and have seen Wat Tyler and another or two in print, and so you want to be in print too, but it wont do,--- no,--- you have too many competitors equal or superior to you in the business, for your merit as sedition-mongers to confer any distinction, nevertheless dont let me discourage you. some of you may chance to be printed in another book, mayhap in the Newgate Calender or so,--- Oh! dear Oh!! what a sad thing it is to be a smiling artful sychophant, pray Gentlemen did you never read our countryman, Shakespeare?

I'll walk, I'll talk, I'll eat with thee no more;
Thou smiling pleasant mould of mischief.
Bring me a man of appearance the most odious,
Misshapen limbs and distorted spine:
Let his eyes, his nose, his mouth be scarcely human,
His ears pick'd pointed, like asses ears;
Let his teeth be long and filthy, encrusted
With green, and black, and yellow;—
Let his breath so noxious be, that a lamp
At arms length would cease to burn;
His blood so foul, that e'en the hungry
Half starv'd leech, would turn up's nose at it.
And with all these imperfections on his head
So he be honest, generous and sincere,— He doth far surpass
The man whose *external* only is pleasant to behold;
But whose *internal* is miserable *deformity*.

You see Gentlemen what lessons I point out to you, to make you good; and now let me only hint to you, the danger of being the leaders of a Revolution, you know Mr, Necker, Mr. La Fayette and Mr. Rochfaucoult were the beginners of the French Revolution, they were at first drawn about the Streets in their Carriages by the populace. Now let us see what is become of them, Mr. Necker is run away to save himself from being hang'd. Mr, La Fayette threw himself into the arms of his enemies to save himself from assassination, and is now in goal, but poor Rochefoucoult was not so fortunate, the dagger gentry overtook him, pull'd him out of his carriage and shut the door again, they then stabb'd him with their daggers, and afterwards mangled his body into pieces, and then put him in at his carriage window again by a bit at a time,—— Gracious Heaven!!! The brave are always merciful, but cowards are always cruel. So Gentlemen with these things before your eyes, I hope you wont think any more about kicking up a Revolution by staying here and telling lies to make us working people dissatisfied,— Lies says you,

Ah

Ah Lies ſay I, and fine ſiz'd ones too : Didn't you ſet out by ſaying we was to be all equal a purpoſe to pleaſe thoſe that had nothing, and dont you now ſay that you didn't mean any ſuch thing ; in ſhort there is no knowing what you do mean *by what you ſay* and every body hates and deteſts a liar ; happy for Engliſhmen they diſcover'd in time what you did mean,---- you meant to perſuade us that we were unhappy, you meant to perſuade us to kick up a duſt, whilſt you riggl'd yourſelves into power, and *then* you meant to ſay that we quite miſunderſtood you, and that you didn't mean any ſuch thing.

But Gentlemen we're looſing time, the Boat waits and the tide is going down, you are conſidering where to go,---In France many of you don't chooſe to venture your dear-ſelves,--- In Holland, in Germany, in Ruſſia, in Sweden. in Denmark and in Spain, you wi'l be hunted down as beaſts of prey,--- In the thirteen United States you are too well known, and will not be received ; what then is to be done ? In Botany Bay you will be too much alike for your genius to ſhine. Why then, my advice to you is, go to the interior parts of Africa,--- Go to the kingdom of *Pant*, were King *Bobo* and his Wife *Nicumbo* lives: Oh dear ! what a fine figure you would cut at a palavour ; who knows but that *Nicumbo* might be ſo charm'd with a long noſe or a fine oration, that ſhe might aid in puſhing Old *Bobo* off the Throne for the ſake of a younger and prettier bed-fellow. Then ſhall a Chaplain of fury or of art cry aloud,—— *Let your Moderation be known unto all men*, ſound the Chum Chumbs,--- beat the Bang Bombs *Bobo* to the ſcaffold.—— Long live *King Billy* Sovereign of all the *Pantiles*.——— But now all things are ſettl'd ſo far let me return again to the

## The old faſhioned Moderate DISSENTERS,

MANY of whom I highly reſpect, and have the honour to be reſpected by, be aſſur'd I wrote my advice in a ſpirit of affection towards *you*, and with an earneſt deſire that peace and good neighbourhood might be reſtor'd. You ſee that Churchmen took my advice for was there ever more love and moderation manifeſt then at the Hotel great meeting, they held out the *Olive Branch* but it does not ſeem that theſe impudent and violent men, who preſume to dictate to and lead you, who I know intrude themſelves upon you ; intrude ourſelves,--- methinks I hear one of thoſe bablers ſay,—— ah *intrude* yourſelves, and if you dont know it I can tell you, that old acquaintance keeps up a civility, but take my word for it, you often ſit down to dinner where you are not welcome. I ſay theſe fellows wont ſuffer you to have an opinion of your own, pray be adviſed and come out from among them, or rather turn them out from you, and be for ever ſeperate from them, for fear you ſhould be involved in that diſgrace which awaits them. There is nothing *new* in what theſe would-be-thought wiſe men have found out, it is only the old broth warm'd up again. You muſt know I lately ſtumbl'd upon a very good book call'd, *Louth's* directions for reading the Scriptures, and I ſee the very ſame ſpirit prevailed among a few, before any man now living was born, it is in his preface and I'll copy a bit of it, but perhaps ſome of you will ſay who is this Louth,--- I will tell you, He was a moſt excellent divine, and as it is written in his life, the moſt valuable part of his character was (what leaſt appear'd in the eye of the world) the private

and

and retir'd part,---That of the good chriſtian and uſeful pariſh prieſt. He was father to that eminent ſcholar and divine, Doctor Louth Biſhop of London. He died and was buried at Buriton in Hampſhire, and here follows his epitaph.

## EPITAPH.

Near the Outſide of this Wall,
Lyeth the Body of Mr. WILLIAM LOWTH,
Late Rector of this Church,
Who died May 17, 1732,
And being dead ſtill deſires to ſpeak
To his beloved Pariſhioners,
And earneſtly to exhort them
Conſtantly to attend upon the Worſhip of God,
Frequently to receive the Holy Sacrament,
And diligently to obſerve the good Inſtructions
Given in this Place,
To breed up their Children in the Fear of God,
And to follow Peace with all Men,
And Holineſs.
Without which no Man ſhall ſee the Lord.
God give us all a happy Meeting
At the Reſurrection of the Juſt.

And now having given you ſome idea who the man is, you ſhall hear his opinion and advice.

" The *ſeat of the ſcorners* is nowadays looked upon as the only *infallible chair*, and that temper which *Solomon* ſo frequently brands with the worſt of characters, as the moſt incapable of inſtruction, the moſt pernicious to him that hath it, and the moſt dangerous to the public, is thought by many among us to be the ſureſt indication of wit and parts. But *whether ſuch perſons will hear or whether they will forbear*, it is certainly the duty of thoſe, who are appointed to be *watchmen over the houſe of* Iſrael, *to warn men to take heed, leaſt there be in any of them an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God*, and deſpiſing his holy word, by which they muſt expect to be judged at the laſt day. It becomes thoſe, *who are ſet for the defence and confirmation of the Goſpel*, to ſtand in the breach, and endeavour in their ſeveral ſtations, to give a check to the *overflowings of ungodlineſs*, which threatens to break down all our banks, and whoſe principles, if they are purſued to their juſt conſequences, cancel the authority of all laws both divine and human, and ſet men looſe from the obligation of them: Licentiouſneſs in *opinion* always making way for licentiouſneſs in *practice*, which is the true reaſon why it finds ſo many abettors amongſt us at this day. Upon which account it is the earneſt wiſh and prayer of many good men, that God would put into the hearts of thoſe who are in authority, to take care that the *Toleration be confined within the bounds which the law hath preſcribed to it*; for it is great pity that *liberty of conſcience* ſhould become a ſhelter for *men of no conſcience*, to vent ſuch doctrines as are not only deſtructive of all revealed religion, but even of civil ſociety itſelf.

" *It were well* if the *teachers* of the *ſeperate congregations* (I mean as many of them as have any regard for a rule of faith or diſcipline) would ſhew their

their zeal upon this occaſion, in ſtanding up for the maintainance of thoſe common truths, which all that deſerve the name of Chriſtians, agree in. It would be great weakneſs in them to take the *author of the Rights of the Chriſtian Church*, and men of their ſtamp for their friends, becauſe they diſcover a particular Spite and Hatred to the *Eſtabliſhed Church*: That indeed is the principal object of Envy, (and we hope it always will be ſo to men of ill deſigns) and they are encouraged in their attempts againſt it, becauſe they hope to find their own account in the unſettling of its foundations: But he muſt be blind that does not ſee that the ſame arguments, which are levelled againſt the preſent eſtabliſhment, may be eaſily applied to other conſtitutions, ſome of which extend their claim to a *jus divinum* further than the *Church of England* does." So far the pious Mr. Louth.

I moſt ſincerely hope the nation will forbear---but the Britiſh Lion is evidently rouſed againſt ſome of his baſtard children, and foreign whelps, and I ſhou'd not be ſurprized if finding them determined to abuſe the liberty granted them from time to time, they ſhould again be deprived of it. And if it ſhould be ſo, and you ſhould be involved by not waſhing your hands of them in time, you will have no one to blame but yourſelves. Remember that Job Nott warned you in time. Turn out the wolves in ſheep's cloathing, and let them be ſent to their favourite Paine who I think muſt feel himſelf completely *tranſported*---from this highly favoured country for ever. As to me I am but a poor writer, but I can underſtand what I hear, ſee and experience. However as many of my

## BROTHER ARTIFICERS

ARE leſs learned, I think it my duty to inform them of the bleſſings which they enjoy---And I hope they will always have the wiſdom to reject the plauſible reaſoning of conceited, proud and angry men, who have nothing, or but little to looſe, and prefer the *Subſtance* to the *Shadow*.---We have every proof that we can have of a moſt excellent conſtitution; witneſs the ineſtimable bleſſing of Trial by Jury. And let us juſt contraſt this with the French law, and what the atheiſtical Convention are now acting.

In England if the very pooreſt man is accuſed of a crime he muſt be legally apprehended by warrant, then taken before a magiſtrate, where he muſt ſee the man who accuſes him, and hear all that he has to ſay. After this at the aſſizes or ſeſſions a jury of Gentlemen called the Grand Jury examine his accuſers, and if they think the evidence weak the priſoner is not even diſgraced by being put to the bar. Judge Aſhurſt ſays this is a caution unknown in any other country. Upon the Grand Jury writing a ſingle word on his indictment, the man is diſcharged, but if they find the evidence good, then the man is brought to the bar, his indictment is read to him: a jury then is ſworn to give their virdict according to the evidence; and as every man comes to the book, the priſoner is directed to look him in the face, and if he has any reaſon to diſlike any one or all of the Jurymen, he may object to him, and he is ordered away without the priſoner giving any reaſon. When a Jury that the priſoner approves is ſworn, the trial goes on. The witneſſes are nor ſuffered to give any hearſay evidence, but to ſpeak to real matter of fact within their own knowledge. When they have done, the priſoner or his Counſel may aſk them what queſtions they pleaſe. After all the evidence

has

has been heard, the judge who takes it all down in writing, repeats it to the Jury for fear they ſhould have forgot it, and then they bring in their verdict—if guilty, and it is a capital crime, ſentence is pronounced in the moſt awful and ſolemn manner, and a proper and decent time allowed for the unfortunate man or his friends to apply to the King and to make his peace with God,—and finally, if mercy cannot conſiſtent with the good of ſociety be extended, he is allowed a miniſter of his own chooſing to go with him to the fatal tree, to comfort his ſoul in his laſt moments.

Bleſſed priviledges! Bleſſed England!! Beſides this, let us ever exult that an engliſhman's houſe is his caſtle, the moſt ſturdy bumbailiff dares not ſo much as draw the latch ſtring of the feebleſt man's door to moleſt him. And again, we go to what place of worſhip we think proper, and ſerve God in our own way. *is* not *this* living under our own vine and ſitting under our own fig-tree? Is not this (every mother's ſon of us) enjoying our own loaf and cheeſe? Bluſh ye vile men and hide your diabolical faces, who would wiſh to perſuade us we are unhappy and want ſuch a government as the French have got.

## IN FRANCE,

A POOR man might be apprehended and impriſoned for months without knowing for what, or without his wife and family knowing any thingof him; and when brought to trial his Judge was his Jury. And now let's ſee the conduct of the preſent governors, theſe men who ſay there is no God. Here is poor Louis Capet and his wife, as they call them, accuſed of ſundry crimes, they are confined without being permitted to ſee each other, their accuſers would have denied them, *if they durſt*, even a copy of their indictment, or any Council, the accuſers are to be the *judges*; the accuſers are to be the *witneſſes*; the accuſers are to be the *Jury*, Good God! is this the way to begin their liberty? is this a ſpecimen of what you wicked men want to reduce happy England to; Heaven avert the danger, and turn your councils as he did Ahitophel's into fooliſhneſs, that you may be a by word and proverb among all the nations on Earth.

If the French were a brave or generous people why did they not prove it to the world by acting generouſly. If their cauſe was good, why not act manly and depend upon its juſtice. Had they done this, every nation would have been friendly; for I believe every body was pleaſed when the yoke which the poor in that kingdom laboured under was about to be thrown off, but when they proceeded with violence in every ſtep they took, and diſgraced human nature---when they ſlaughtered men and women like oxen in cool blood, and like ſavages dragged and expoſed their naked bodies about the ſtreets, every good and honeſt man turn'd his back upon them. They talk of Liberty, but its only *talk* God knows, for they jump up and make laws in less time than I could file a pair of buckles; laws which knock down all liberty. They make laws to ſearch every mans houſe, and turn about all his beds and furniture, under pretence of looking for a gun or a piſtol. They make a law for all men to march from their families---to go to the D----l's a---ſe a peake at an hour's notice----They tranſport Clergymen by ſhip loads, and give the care of 'em to fellows who contrive to ſink the ſhips----They ſend their ſoldiers into cold countries to fight up to their backſides in ſnow without breeches.---See their own General's account of theſe things.---They try a man for an

offence

offcnce committed in time paſt when there was no law againſt it. *This is never done in England.* Their enormities indeed would fill a book as big as the Church Bible, what do they do deſerve for their vile ingratitude to the poor King whom they have got into their power, and whom even his enemies acknowledge to be as humane and good a kind of man as breathes; a man who ever ſince he came upon the throne has ſtudied the good of his ſubjects. One *Worthy* gets up and tells the Aſſembly that he will undertake to ſtab him if they dont condemn him. Another ſtarts up and crys, cut off his head at a blow, or if its two or three blows it dont matter ſo it comes off at laſt. Cruel Wretches! What would Engliſhmen think of men who were to ſay of a poor fellow being tryed at the bar, Jurymen, if you dont condemn him I'll ſtab him; or, Jnrymen hang him up, and let the halter be ſo placed that he may hang and kick in miſery *a quarter of an hour*---or if its *half an hour*, or *three quarters*, it does not matter, ſo he dies within the hour. And then if any diſcreet perſon gets up to ſpeak, the moſt boyiſh conduct enſues, a downright Battle Royal; ſome wringing noſes, others kicking ſhins, ſome boxing, &c. &c. Is this a Parliament Houſe of *Equal Repreſentation!* O ſhame! Shame! Shame! And what are we to think of thoſe fellows who are come over here to ſtir up a revolution ſo produce ſuch work as this; what of our own countrymen who encourage---approve---and try to defend ſuch conduct.

Theſe diſappointed people ſay ours is a bad conſtitution, and that we are not repreſented, Let us judge of a tree by its fruits, and I fancy we ſhall ſee that our Conſtitution and Repreſentation bear full as good fruit as theirs---*mayhvp a little better.* Whilſt good laws are made, its no matter who makes them. I'm told that the people at Kidderminſter, and fifty-ſix other towns in England, uſed to ſend members to Parliament, but choſe to decline it of their own accord; and I ſuppoſe they dont find any inconvenience from it, Birmingham never ſent any members, and yet methinks it grows *a bit.* Warwick and Coventry ſend two members each, and yet methinks they haven't grow'd *a bit* this 50 years. Nevertheleſs when there is time I think my plan of elections wouldn't be a bad one. They murmer about the Teſt Act.---They muſt murmur about ſomething. I ſhould be glad to know who feels himſelf the richer or the poorer for it. But they muſt have an excuſe, and its well they can't find any thing worſe to complain about.

## ADVERTISEMENT.

I JOB NOTT, a notorious Churchman, being of ſound diſpoſing mind, do offer to convey to any reſtleſs diſſatisfied Diſſenter, all the advantages I ſhall ever enjoy from being a Churchman inſtead of a Diſſenter, for the ſum of *Three Farthings* of lawful money of Great Britain.

N, B. None but principals will be treated with, nor no Farthing Aſſignats taken.

I tell you my brother Engliſhmen, its all my eye. It isn't the Teſt Act that cauſes all this buſtle. Its pride and ſelf-conceit and ambition, and an opinion of ſuperior abilities, that cauſes theſe impudent aſſes to bray ſo prodigiouſly, and encourage the circulation of treaſon. At firſt (as in the fable) the Lion himſelf is a little frightened at the ſtrange noiſe, but when it becomes a little more familiar, the Lion approaches the braying animal and with a contemptuous grin, cocks up his leg and piſſes upon him, and ſo at once quenches the great blaze of ſeditious oratory.

The

## THE FRENCH EMISSARIES,

ARE a vile ſet of vagabonds, that undertake to go into all nations, to tell lies and make people diſſatisfied, ſome on condition of being releaſed from priſon; others for pay. I am told that there is a fine ſet in London that muſt hop the twigg ſoon, Now we are told what a ſad thing it will be to go to war; that we ſhall loſe rhe French trade—loſe the French trade? that's a good one however, who'll truſt 'em: but you know we have a bit of trade to all other countries; and if theſe fellows are not ſtopt in their career, methinks we ſhall ſoon ſee all the world in a tumult, and no trade to no place. So my advice again to you is, to be off while your ſhoes are good, for fear you ſhould get your bones broke. And if you want peace (as Lord Grenville ſaid) don't go about diſturbing other governments, but keep in your own territory and then you may eat one another if you like it.

Nevertheleſs, far be it from Job Nott to condemn *all* for the actions of a *few*; there are doubtleſs thouſands and thouſands of good men in France. And I moſt ſincerely hope and pray that, that JUST and HOLY BEING whoſe center is every where, whoſe circumference is no where,—I ſay, I fervently pray that this DIVINE BEING, whoſe exiſtence thoſe few vile Frenchmen (who have piratically ſeized the ſtate veſſel) impiouſly DENY, may in his great forbearance and mercy turn their hearts, that ſo *true* religion, happineſs, and liberty, may overſpread the French nation. But I muſt ſay a word or two to thoſe violent mad French Jacobins who talk of ſending an army to make a deſcent upon our coaſt, in expectation of being joined by ſome of the Britiſh to pull down our King and deſtroy the Conſtitution,— French Jacobins you have been deceived by your raſcally correſpondents here. Freinds to your principles are very thinly ſcattered indeed.—Engliſhmen admire their King & his preſent miniſters—we, ſirs, are of *one mind*, & one heart. So my advice to you is, don't ſend your poor half-ſtarved, ill-treated ſoldiers without either ſhirts or breeches, but come yourſelves, I ſay come yourſelves, ye worthies, make your deſcent and leave it to us when you ſhall return back again. Remember I warn you in time, that it will be eaſier to ſet your feet on Britiſh ground then to take them off again. We hear of all your generous and valiant doings at Frankfort and other places. Your Jacobine general knows how to trumpet about his own fame as well as our Jacobine Doctor and his little ſett whoſe bouncing we regard juſt as we do the bouncing of maggots in a Cheſhire cheeſe. Upon my honour, I thought I ſhould have burſt a langhing at ſeeing the paragraph in the Univerſal Magazine for the laſt month, page 467, where it is ſet forth that the Diſſenters of Birmingham have ſent Doctor Prieſtley 500l. bnt that he had wrote a *very polite* letter back with the money, ſaying that his loſſes at the riots had been *more* than compenſated by preſents, and particularly from Churchmen. What, ſaid Spanker, its an ill wind that blows nobody good, the Doctor comes in winner at laſt. Why now Gentlemen don't you think the world ſees through all theſe manuvers. In the firſt place, a lying idea is to be conveyed in Newſpapers, &c. to Aſſia, Africa and America, that not only *the* Diſſenters, *all* the Diſſenters in Birmingham, but Churchmen too love the Doctor; I ſay not one tenth part of the Diſſenters, and as to Churchmed, what ſort? Why *betweenites*, *Bats* ſuch as a late dinner preſident:

men

men who have little religion, and leſs caſh, and ſo ſhelter themſelves under the eſtabliſhment, ready to take any ſide that ſeems the ſtrongeſt. I tell you we're down upon you. In the next place the Doctor's *greatneſs of ſoul* in refuſing the *traſh* of this world is to be trumpeted abroad. Bravo, my little lads of wax!! "*You tickle me,— I tickle you.*" But, Gentlemen, let me refer you to that book which ſays, "When thou doſt thine alms do not ſound a trumpet as the *Hypocrites* do, &c."

I tell you, Gemmen, its too bad, but we are up to all your pantile rigs The Doctor has no occaſion of being afraid of his name dying as I ſee he is put into the dictionary about air and philolophy already, but methinks we ſhan't have much about him when we come to religion and politics. A philoſopher I believe he is; ſo my advice to him is to ſtick cloſe to that as he underſtands and then he'll have deſerved praiſe:---

But as Politician or Divine,
Job Nott thinks he'll never ſhine.

Let us brother Engliſhmen be thankful to heaven that we're a high'y favour'd *ſea-girt* iſland, equal as men on earth ever can be; enjoying Liberty in its trueſt ſenſe, and all the Rights of Man. We have a right to do every thing ſhort of hurting our neighbour. We have a right to hang up Tom Paines effigy and ridicule his fooliſh friends, but we have no right to hurt a hair of his or their heads, In Britain the *perſon* and *property* of every man is ſacred, and herein is our glory and happineſs. Therefore let us live in love and peace, and hurt no man's property. Let us be an example to all other towns in the kingdom for peace, moderation, and unanimity. Let us be ſtaunch to that King and Conſtitution under which we feel ſuch proſperity and happineſs. Let us all guard againſt the ſly, artful reaſoning of the few who are paid or paying others to ſow ſedition. Take care of the *ſmiling gentry*, you know Shakeſpeare ſaid, "A man may ſmile and ſmile and be a villain," I hate a man who can make his face ſmile when his heart frowns. I never lik'd my Unkle's Old Mare becauſe her name was *Smiler*.

Your's to Command,

*Birmingham, January* 8, 1793. JOB NOTT.